

PS  
2702  
.B52





Class PS 2702

Book B 52

PRESENTED BY

---





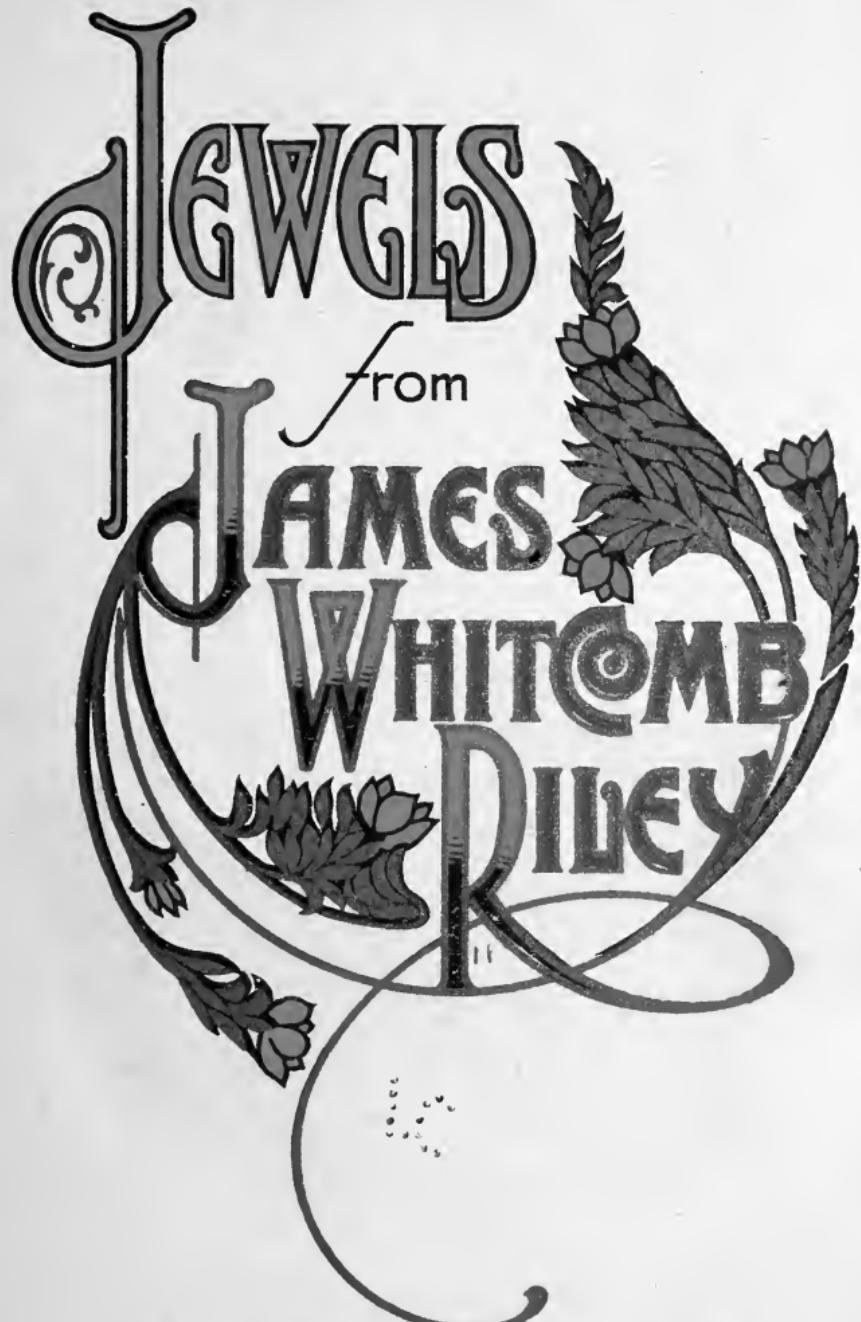








—James Whitcomb Riley.



Berger Publishing Company  
Buffalo

N.Y.

c  
E19075

PS2702  
B52

MY doctern is to lay aside  
Contentions, and be satisfied :  
Jest do your best, and praise er blame  
That follers that, counts jest the same.

*My Philosofy.*

Then God smiled and it was morning.  
*Leonainie.*

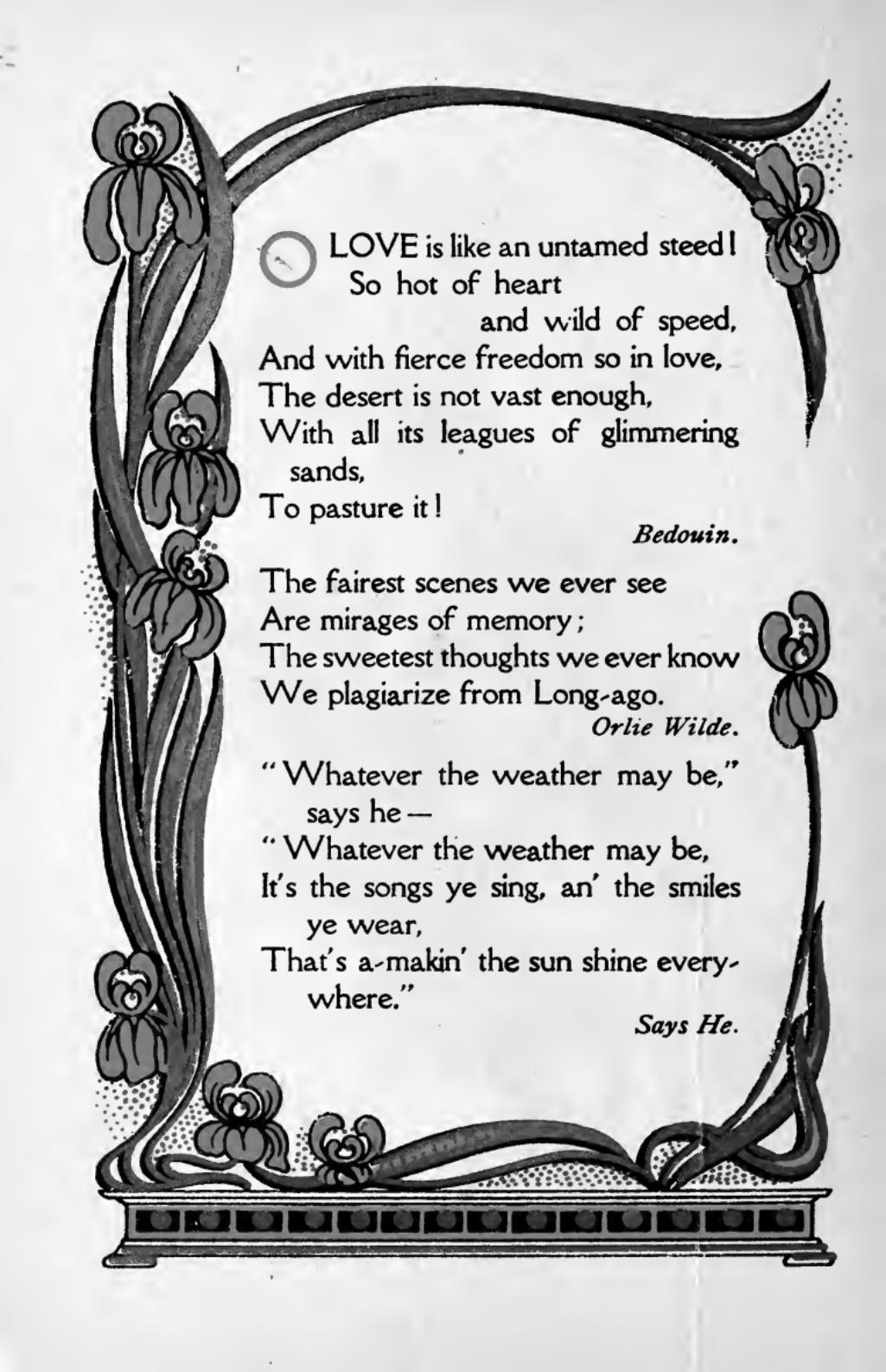
As it's give' me to perceive,  
I most certin'y believe  
When a man's jist glad plum through,  
God's pleased with him, same as  
you.

*Neghrorly Poems.*

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and  
a-he'pin' some  
Pore feller onto his feet —  
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry  
he was hisse'f .  
So's the feller got somepin' to eat!

*Jim.*



O LOVE is like an untamed steed !  
So hot of heart  
and wild of speed,  
And with fierce freedom so in love,  
The desert is not vast enough,  
With all its leagues of glimmering  
sands,  
To pasture it !

*Bedouin.*

The fairest scenes we ever see  
Are mirages of memory ;  
The sweetest thoughts we ever know  
We plagiarize from Long-ago.

*Orlie Wilde.*

“Whatever the weather may be,”  
says he —  
“Whatever the weather may be,  
It’s the songs ye sing, an’ the smiles  
ye wear,  
That’s a-makin’ the sun shine every-  
where.”

*Says He.*



**H**E is my friend," I said,—  
    "Be patient!" Overhead  
The skies were drear and dim;  
And lo! the thought of him  
Smiled on my heart—and then  
The sun shone out again!

*My Friend.*

We are not always glad when we  
smile,—  
For the heart, in a tempest of pain,  
    May live in the guise  
    Of a smile in the eyes  
As a rainbow may live in the rain;  
And the stormiest night of our woe  
    May hang out a radiant star  
    Whose light in the sky  
    Of despair is a lie  
As black as the thunder-clouds are.

*Spirk and Wunk Rhymes.*

**T**HREE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,—

There is ever a something sings alway.

There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,

And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

*There is Ever a Song Somewhere.*

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!

The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye

The childish faith in fairies and Alladdin's magic ring—

The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything—

When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,

In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

*The Days Gone By.*



WAIT for the morning :— It will  
come indeed,  
As surely as the night hath given need.  
The yearning eyes, at last, will strain  
their sight  
No more unanswered by the morning  
light;  
No longer will they vainly strive,  
through tears,  
To pierce the darkness of thy doubts  
and fears,  
But, bathed in balmy dews and rays  
of dawn,  
Will smile with rapture o'er the  
darkness drawn.

*Wait for the Morning.*

I've allus noticed grate success  
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,  
And it's the man who does the best  
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

*My Philosophy—Neighborly Poems.*



O H! the old swimmin'-hole! In  
the happy days of yore,  
When I usht to lean above it on the  
old sickamore,  
Oh! it showed me a face, in its  
warm, sunny tide,  
That gazed back at me so gay and  
glorified,  
It made me love myself, as I leaped  
to caress  
My shadder smilin' up at me with  
sich tenderness.  
But them days is past and gone, and  
old Time's tuck his toll  
From the old man come back to the  
old swimmin'-hole.

*The Old Swimmin'-Hole.*

He was warned ag'inst the *womern*—  
She was warned ag'inst the *man*,—  
And if *that* won't make a weddin',  
W'y, they's nothin' else that can!  
*On a Splendud Match.*

THE rain and the sun, and the  
sun and the rain !  
When the tempest is done, then the  
sunshine again ;  
And in rapture we'll ride through the  
stormiest gales,  
For God's hand's on the helm and  
His breath in the sails.  
Then murmur no more,  
In lull or in roar,  
But smile and be brave till the voyage  
is o'er.

*A Song of the Cruise.*

For, we know, not every morrow  
Can be sad ;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad.

*Kissing the Rod.*



WHO'S got the lovin' eye, and  
heart and brain  
To recko'nize 'at nothin's made in  
vain—  
'At the Good Bein' made the bees  
and birds  
And brutes first choice, and us-folks  
afterwards!

*Proem—Poems Here at Home.*

Now *Love's* as cunnin' a little thing  
As a hummin'-bird upon the wing,  
And as liable to poke his nose  
Jest where folks would least suppose.

*Squire Hawkins's Story.*

My mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as I could be,  
I couldn't be as good — no, *sir*! —  
Can't *any* boy be good as her!

*A Boy's Mother.*











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 255 941 2